

## **Putana Killed - The Poisoned Breast**

by the Vaikuntha Players, from Krsna Book Chapter 6

SCENE ONE - the Prison Cell  
(Krsna appears as Lord Vishnu)

Vasudeva: My dear Lord, all prayers unto You!  
You are the Supreme Personality of Godhead  
With complexion blackish-blue.  
You have come as our child, the reason is clear  
To save us from Kamsa, who we do fear.

Devaki: O most worshipable Child, I can understand  
Your appearance in my womb  
Is it not for Your devotees' pleasure  
And for the demon's doom?  
We pray to You, the source of unlimited power  
Who is now standing before us  
With club, wheel, disc and lotus flower.

SCENE TWO □ Kamsa's Room

Messenger: The eighth son is born! The eighth son is born!

O Prophecy, Prophecy, now I do fear  
Kamsa's destruction dreadfully near.  
But be still, O Kamsa, be ever so strong  
For you shall kill this eighth son of Devaki ere long.  
Keep steady this mind and be not so torn  
Upon hearing this news, "The eighth son is born!"  
Make haste, I say, do not delay!  
Kill this eighth son before night finds the day!  
Take strength, Kamsa; be not so forlorn  
Go quickly, now - for the eighth son is already born!

SCENE THREE - the Prison Cell

Kamsa: So, Devaki, I see you hold the death of my life  
Within your arms!

Devaki: My dear brother, this child is a female fair  
The omen says you are to be killed by a male  
Therefore, from her you need not fear.

You've already killed so many of my babes  
Who were born in this jail.

Kamsa: Enough of your foolish sentiment!  
Give me that babe!  
(Durga appears suddenly)

Durga: Kamsa, you fool!

Kamsa: What's this my eyes now behold?  
Once a babe, now a goddess - arms eightfold!  
Surely, this figure comes straight from hell,  
Wielding conch, shield, disc, bow, lancet, arrow and bell.

Durga: Kamsa, Kamsa, why so cruel? You think you can kill me,  
You pathetic fool!  
I am Vishnu's sister, Durga by name  
Soon, very soon, the world will know my fame!

Yes, yes you should tremble, Kamsa  
And be filled with fear  
For your death , your death, your death is very near!  
Hahaha!!  
Kamsa, Kamsa, such a fool!  
The Child to kill you is already born.  
Hahaha!

Kamsa: Oh, forgive me Vasudev, Devaki, forgive me please  
I'm so ashamed; I beg on my knees.  
Since the omen I received has rung untrue  
My killing all your seven babies was most undue.  
(Kamsa removes their shackles tenderly)

Vasudeva: All is forgiven.

SCENE THREE □ The Royal Court

<sup>1st</sup> Demon: For what has Kamsa called us today?

<sup>2nd</sup> Demon: Oh, haven't you heard?  
'Tis fun and games we must play!  
The eighth son is born;  
He must be killed without delay!

Kamsa: Fellow demons, fellow demons, as you have surmised,  
I've been destined to die by the eighth son of my sister, Devaki  
So, don't be surprised  
That I, never one to be caught off guard,  
Killed her first seven without any regard.  
Yet, heed what I tell you  
Upon picking up the eighth babe upon the ground to hurl,  
By some freak of chance it turned out to be a girl!  
Into the air she flew  
A most horrendous sight, I tell you.  
My heart did quiver  
Upon seeing the message she did most vehemently deliver:  
That the child to kill me  
Was already born in another land!  
So, the way to kill this unknown babe  
Is what we now must plan.  
Any ideas from your demoniac brains?  
Eh, huh, what do you say?

Demons: Kill! kill kill kill kill  
Kill all the little children born in the last ten days!  
Oh, we shall kill them in so many nice, demoniac ways!

Kamsa: Excellent plan, most demoniac indeed,  
But we must be ready for the demigods  
Who will surely intercede.

<sup>1st</sup> Demon: We need not fear any demigods, Kamsa  
This you should know.  
Immeasurable is the strength of your bow  
To check our activities  
They would not dare do so.

<sup>2nd</sup> Demon: Yes, Kamsa, from Vishnu we need not fear,  
He has already hidden Himself in everyone's heart,  
And to come out to fight he will not part.

<sup>3rd</sup> Demon: Brahma is harmless and this I state:  
He just wants to sit on a lotus and meditate.

<sup>1st</sup> Demon: And Siva's no more trouble than a flake of snow  
Into the forest he must go.

Kamsa:     Very well, kill kill kill   kill all the children!  
          Oh, and by the way, harass the cows and brahmans, too!  
          That will destroy our enemy Vishnu.  
          The death of this child you must bring,  
          Demons Putana, Trnavarta, Aghasura, Bakasura  
          Do your thing!

**Demons:** We can begin this plan right away.  
          And now, with Your permission, Kamsa,  
          We'll be on our way!  
          Ha ha ha ha ha!!

Kamsa:    One moment, Putana, you know the black art  
          Of killing small children by ghastly means.

Putana:    Yes, Kamsa, this I can do  
          But not where there is chanting of the name Vishnu.  
          Putana, Putana is my name  
          Innocent children are my game  
          And to the eighth so of Devaki  
          I'll gladly do the same!  
          Hahaha!!

Song:       Of witches I am called khecari  
          And this means, as you can see  
          I can fly in the sky  
          On the branch of an uprooted tree

          Chorus:  
          So children take this warning  
          For I enter Braja in the morning.  
          In the morning, in the morning.  
          Dear children, you'd better heed this warning  
          For I enter Braja in the morning.  
          Putana, Putana is my name  
          Innocent children are my game!

          I've killed so many children  
          In the city, dell and town.  
          Why, I've even killed some  
          On the cow pasture ground!  
          I'm expert in the black art of witchery

And I practice pretty craftily.

Chorus

Disguised as the fairest maid am I

Seeming the Goddess of Fortune to the untrained eye.

They will think this Krsna babe is my Husband

And that I am Laxmiji

But my breast I'll smear with poison

Just to kill that Supreme Personality!

So Krsna take this warning

Chorus

Now children, don't you dare

Let the Hare Nama fill the air

Alas, where there is transcendental sound

It prevents my spreading poison all around!

You may think it odd,

But, it's the power of the name of God.

Chorus

#### SCENE FOUR - The Village

Rohini: Who is this woman so beauteous and fair  
With nice raised hips, breasts swollen,  
And flowers in her hair?

Yasoda: She looks so appealing with her smiling face  
Now comely and chaste  
And especially attractive is her thin waist.

Rohini: Such beauty I never did see  
With lotus in hand  
The Goddess of Fortune she must be  
Come to grace our land.

Putana: These foolish women  
Charmed by my face  
They do not know that I'm a sword  
In a decorated case.  
The whole universe this babe could destroy  
Surely, this Krsna is no ordinary boy.  
Come, sweet child, lay on my lap  
Take this breast and suck the pap.

Krsna: From this Putana, so many children met their demise

I do not care to open My eyes.

Putana: The whole universe, this babe could destroy  
Surely this Krsna is no ordinary boy.

Come to mother - the little Dear!  
What have I, Putana, to fear?  
I've killed many a child  
But this will be the best  
Just wait 'til He sucks  
The Poisoned Breast!  
Ha Ha Ha!

Krsna: Putana, abandon all hope  
For you have just now mistaken  
This snake for a rope!

Putana: O Child, leave me! Leave me!  
(She dies.)

Krsna: Putana, you came to me in order to kill  
And by taking your breast milk  
Your matronly desire I did fulfill.  
I took not only milk and poison  
But your life air as well  
And thus, I saved you from going down to Hell.  
Now, with Me in the Eternal Abode shall you dwell.

<sup>1st</sup> Gopa: Behold her gigantic form!  
Why, it must be at least twelve miles long!  
And we thought she was the Goddess of Fortune!  
Boy, were we ever wrong!

<sup>2nd</sup> gopa: Look at that hair  
Like a red bush covering her head!  
(I'm sure glad she's dead.)

<sup>3rd</sup> Gopa: And those nostrils - just like a wild mountain cave!  
But Krsna says His devotee He will always save.

<sup>1st</sup> Gopa: Those teeth - just like plowed roads!  
Why her skin rivals that of toads!

<sup>2nd</sup> gopa: Breasts like small hills!

<sup>3rd</sup> Gopa: Eye Sockets like blind wells!

<sup>1st</sup> Gopa: Hands like big bridges! Belly like a dried up lake!  
Thighs like river banks!  
Everyone, let's to Krsna give our thanks!

All: Jai! (Bhajana)

Yasoda: Smear Him with cow dung and bathe Him in the urine  
Sprinkle Him up with the dust of the hooves of the cow.  
That my dear gopis is how  
We shall protect the babe Krsna from further calamity.  
Milk, the miracle food, comes from her udders,  
According to Shastra, the cow is one of our mothers.  
Let's chant the names of Vishnu  
To protect my son from further harm,  
Peace and prosperity will reign on our farm.

Rohini: You heed Mother Yasoda's wishes  
All these things are so auspicious!  
Another thing that we must do  
Is chant twelve names of Lord Vishnu.

Wash your feet and sip clean water  
Then all of us must chant the mantras.

Yasoda and Rohini chant:

Yasoda: May Lord Krsna protect Your thighs

Rohini: May Lord Vishnu protect Your legs

Yasoda: May Lord Achutya protect Your arms

Rohini: May Lord Hayagriva protect Your abdomen

Yasoda: May Lord Kesava protect Your heart

Rohini: May Lord Vishnu protect Your eyes

Yasoda: May Lord Urukrama protect Your face

Rohini: May Lord Isvare protect Your head

Yasoda: May Lord Cakradhara protect Your front

Rohini: May Lord Gadadhara protect Your back

Yasoda: May Lord Mahusudhana protect Your eyesight

Rohini: May Lord Vishnu protect Your left side

Yasoda: May Lord Tarksya protect You from below

Rohini: May Lord Upendra protect You from above

Yasoda: May Lord Hadhara protect You from all sides

Rohini: May Lord Hrishikesa protect all Your senses

Yasoda: May Lord Narayana protect Your breath.

All: Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare  
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

Nanda: What is that sweet scent in the room?  
Can such a heavy perfume be?

Yasoda: No, Nanda, it's the body of Putana  
That smells so sweet  
For it was touched by Krsna's Lotus Feet.

Nanda: O Krsna, Krsna, let me smell Your head !  
(Sniffs) Ahhhhh!  
All Glories to Krsna!  
The wicked witch, Putana, is dead!  
I do declare it that Your mercy will be shed  
Upon any who hears these pastimes read!  
(KIRTAN)